

— FREE TO READ AND ENJOY —

# HERMITZINE EDITION SEVEN

H. L. DEPARTMENT  
OF THE INTERIOR



HERMITLANDIA  
PARK SERVICES





For TinFoilChef





S9

Hermitcraft  
Spawn Town  
Initial Plans

Est.  
2022

Joe Hills

Doc M77

iJevin

False Symmetry

Rendog  
Cubfan

Stressmonster

xBCrafted

Bdoubleo100

ZombieCleo

ImpulseSV

Pearlescentmoon

Goodtimeswithscar

Kango Tek

VintageBeef

GeminiTay

Grian

Mumbo Jumbo

Spawn

Zedaph

Welsknight

Iskall85

Xisumavoid

Keralis

HermitZine 7th Edition



3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10







## a painted sunrise

(have you ever imagined you stood, proud  
on the sheer, steepened cliffs that you made  
surveying the land and bands of white clouds  
and treetops towering over the glade?)

There's beauty in earth's manless creation.  
*That's given*, you think, and the bright, white stars  
which rise and fall down with no instruction  
is proof that love thrives in a world like ours.

But if untouched generation is beautiful,  
then the trail you leave behind is divine.  
Your buildings you tend, as grass and trees bend,  
and granite gives way like soft clay with your guide.

You build monuments to the imaginary,  
to the story, the living and the lost.  
You weave your weary tales unto the leaves  
and whisper sacred secrets to the frost.

The details you promise into first freshened life  
dance together like spores and spring petals,  
like wood and stone, with hand in hand  
time and time and time again.

























She drops her pickaxe in a smooth, practised arc. The methodical swinging of her tool is the only sound in a tunnel at the bottom of the world, deep below the surface of the earth. It is one of the main reasons why Pearl likes long mining trips so much – the relative quiet paired up with being the only person around gives it a sort of meditative charm. The narrow corridors in the rock may be cramped and limiting for some, but for anyone who dares to love them, they are like a cradle. Tangled veins of ore mingle with pouring molten blood, seeking to warm up the brave and sate their hunger. That and the diamonds, of course.

Pearl makes a deliberate stroke after stroke, until a few rocks break away and reveal an empty space behind the wall. She waits a moment until the stone dust settles.

There is soft, yellow light coming through the hole and a sound of rushing water accompanying it. Pearl rests her pickaxe against the wall. She smiles, taking off her hoodie and tying it around her waist. With more strength and determination, she resumes. The tell-tale gleam of enchanted netherite shines brighter in the flickers of torches lining the hallway.

Pearl breaks through the rest of the wall before swapping her pickaxe for a sword and stepping through the hole. Before her wings pass the threshold, she makes sure she has enough torches for this.

The biggest cave she has ever seen in her life opens before her.

She doesn't have enough torches for this.

It reaches from the very bottom of the world, right where Pearl emerged from her mine, and lets in a few rays of natural light from the very top. It spirals upwards and outwards, with smaller caves and corridors coming out of it and reaching farther from the centre. She can almost make out a few wooden beams in a few of them – seems like she wasn't the only one with the idea to dig around this area. She makes a mental note to come

back later and check around for loot in half-rotten chests.

Pearl steps deeper into the cave and breathes in deeply. The air smells cold and fresh – a nice change from the musty scent of the tunnels. She looks around. The thick columns of deepslate and tuff tower over her like sleeping guards, ready to wake up at any moment. If she squints, she can almost make up a silhouette of one of them – one hand at its chest and the other resting on a sword. A patch of moss on its head almost looks like hair and the tuff on the bottom could be the statue's boots.

A movement in the water brings her attention, before she hears a loud splash. Pearl looks in that direction and comes closer, almost getting tangled in long strands of glowberries hanging from the walls and natural arches of the ceiling. This corner of a cave is darker – an alcove set further in, out of the way. If not for the sudden sound, Pearl wouldn't have noticed it at all.

It was a glow squid. Or two glow squids, in fact. The bioluminescence (*produced by bacterial symbionts; at least according to Grian the last time she asked him*) throws a soft shine on the rocky pond they swim in, scattering on the wall above the water level. Strangely, there is nothing on it, except for smooth deepslate and small spots of blue tinted light.

Pearl moves closer to them, kneeling on the edge to admire the way their soft bodies swim with neither grace nor tact despite being fully water dwelling creatures. It reminds her of something, although she can't quite put her finger on it – she might have to send a message to her friends from old servers.

A rogue arrow disturbs the flat mirror of the pond. It seems that skeletons can't take a second to read the room. Pearl scoffs and stands up. She takes no time to spare its bones, but now the mood has been ruined. She tosses away the half-broken bow that no longer has an owner and turns back her gaze towards the pond.

The squids dove deeper, disappearing into an underwater corridor. A flash of annoyance runs through her. Pearl steps out of the alcove to



look at some more pretty things and natural structures – like a few more columns that seem way too alive for her taste, with azalea trees coming up the sides and strings of glowberries tangled around their arms. A clay deposit, with a shallow pool of water so full of dripleaf that no light could possibly get to the bottom of it. A carpet of moss in the middle of the cave that seems so soft, all you want to do is lie down in it and fall asleep – it's so uniform, that it makes you think if you decide to succumb to that urge, the sea of green will swallow you whole and never let go. Another alcove, this time with ribbed arches that looked weirdly like a temple she studied a few years ago. But with a lot less bones on the walls, that's for certain.

In her mind there is already a story forming around this place.

A clash of giants, sleeping in the mountains and waking up with one purpose – to find glory on the battlefield. The moss fills their mouths as they lay forever between death and wakefulness, and even though they have rested for hundreds of years, they are ready to rise again at the sound of a war horn. And what a great sight it will be, to see stone come back to life and pick up a weapon, turning its head towards the sound that carries far and wide underground.

Or maybe priests protecting the temple of their god with every blade they could muster and enough faith – or solely blind courage – to come out on the other side successful. They falter and fall, but at the very end they're able to defeat their attacker and allow themselves to rest, as the gracious god makes it their reward for eternity.

Pearl looks at the arches above her, illuminated by the lichen, and dreams up an architect – or rather, The Architect – who shapes the stone by sheer will and makes foliage grow with nothing but a few gentle words. But then she remembers what world she's in, what server she's on, and only shakes her head with a smile.

After a while spent appreciating the natural wonders (*and finding three measly diamonds*), she grabs a rocket and opens up her wings. Pearl beats them against the air a few times to get rid of the dust from long hours of

mining. She walks up on a small slope and jumps, breaking into a flight.

The wind rushes into her face as she flies up and up and up, until she passes the opening at the top of the cave. The few rays of sunlight turn blinding, Pearl can barely see what is outside. She blinks furiously a few times, her eyes still used to the darkness and the dim lightning of the mines. The air outside is like the edge of a knife, a strange mix between hot and cold.

Pearl glances down, and something at the back of her mind supplies with glee that the hole she flew out of looks like a mouth, with stone teeth threatening to swallow her whole.

She climbs higher in the air, with that certain type of euphoria that you get only from being hundreds of metres in the air. She can now see the opening on the top of the cave is set in the bottom of a deep, circular valley, with snow-capped mountain ridges high above and curling inwards like the maw of a giant worm. Or a doughnut. It kind of looks like a racetrack, if you squint. Pearl could figure out a way to make an elytra course here in the future, providing no one else builds anything. Which isn't very probable, now that she thinks about it. Oh well, she's too busy terraforming an entire island to her whim to take on another large scale project.

The clouds are thinner here, being so high above the ground. The air is also thinner, but she had a lot of practice being in the sky, so she's used to the feeling. She tries to avoid flying through the clouds – being soaked and cold isn't one of her favourite past times.

From this high up, she can see more of the terrain around the mountain range. A plains biome to one side, and a birch forest to the other.

*Gem would love this*, her brain provides. Pearl gets out her communicator and notes down the coordinates.

A wide, lazy river curls around the mountains from the outside, supplied



by streams going down the sides. Light reflects in millions of mirrors on the surface of the water, moving and ever-changing. It looks almost completely white from this far away, the reflections close to blinding. If the mountain peaks are the teeth of a giant worm, then the river is its collar.

She does a few loops around the edges of the mountains, relishing in the feeling of wind against her face and wings, before softly landing on top of the highest mountain.

Or that's what she would like to say. Pearl scrapes her elbow trying to land, and almost tears up her overalls when she catches herself on a rock. A quick look around assures there is no one around who could have seen that. It's not like everyone on the server is flawless at flying, but she has her own wings and that comes with a reputation to uphold.

Pearl dusts herself off and plops down, letting her legs dangle over the steep edge. The peak is way sharper than she expected. Her moth wings lay behind her on the ground, still covered in grime from mining ores for hours. They are mostly a silvery-blue now, with only some of the patches on the surface sporting a chic, black and grey pattern that makes your eyes hurt if you stare at it for too long. She would know – she spent a lot of time with the rest of Boatem in the void, watching them turn colours at the end of the previous season to blend in better.

The sun is at her back, so hot it almost tickles. It warms her up – only in this moment Pearl realises how cold the cave was. Now come to think of it, she hadn't seen any lava lakes on the inside, or even in the general area when she was digging her tunnel. It has been a while since she last hit a lava pocket, and that stuff keeps you warm for a long, *long*, time.

But now, she turns her face towards the light and lets out a satisfied sigh. It's quiet. So quiet, that the only thing she can hear is a soft breeze blowing through her hair and whistling around the rocks at the peak.

There is a certain charm to being this high up. With just the wind and the sky for company. And goats, but Peal hasn't seen any goats here. It's nice, but a different kind of nice than at the bottom of the world with only the light from the torches and your own pickaxe for a friend.

If she listens closely, she can almost hear a song. Of the sky, the mountains, the blood in her veins – it's a song sung with love by the Universe itself. A song known by both the living and the dead, every entity and concept. A gift from the sky to the grass, from the grass to the bugs, from the bugs to the flowers. No being can exist separate from another, and they all know and sing the same song.

And it's *beautiful*.











# ZEDAPH'S HERMITCRAFT BASES

Over the course of the past 5 Hermitcraft seasons, Zedaph has built a variety of unique bases, characterised by convoluted redstone contraptions, gizmos, doodads, and other thingamajigs, dangling mobs, item launchers, far-fetched puns and the unbridled, ever-ambitious and extremely serious pursuit of obscure minecraft science.

## THE HOLE OF ALL

Dug into the top of a mountain, Zedaph's all-head was composed of several circular rooms, reminiscent of Chapel altars.

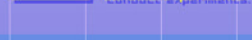
The head of the located within the hole, designed for complex redstone contraptions through distance and custom traps.



## THE SCIENCE LAB

In keeping with the spirit of the game, Zedaph's all-head was a scientific complex, centered around a complex laboratory.

The Lab served to build contraptions and conduct experiments.



## THE CAVE OF CONTRACTIONS

Zedaph's all-head was a man-made cave with an entire farming dome.

It featured an exotic fish aquarium and its contraptions.



## THE DESERT PYRAMID

### "TRUE HERMIT"

Zedaph had not one but several bases, which he would switch between as a "true hermit".



## THE GLASSIER



## THE LAVA BASE



## THE WOOD-DEN



## THE HOBBIT HOLE

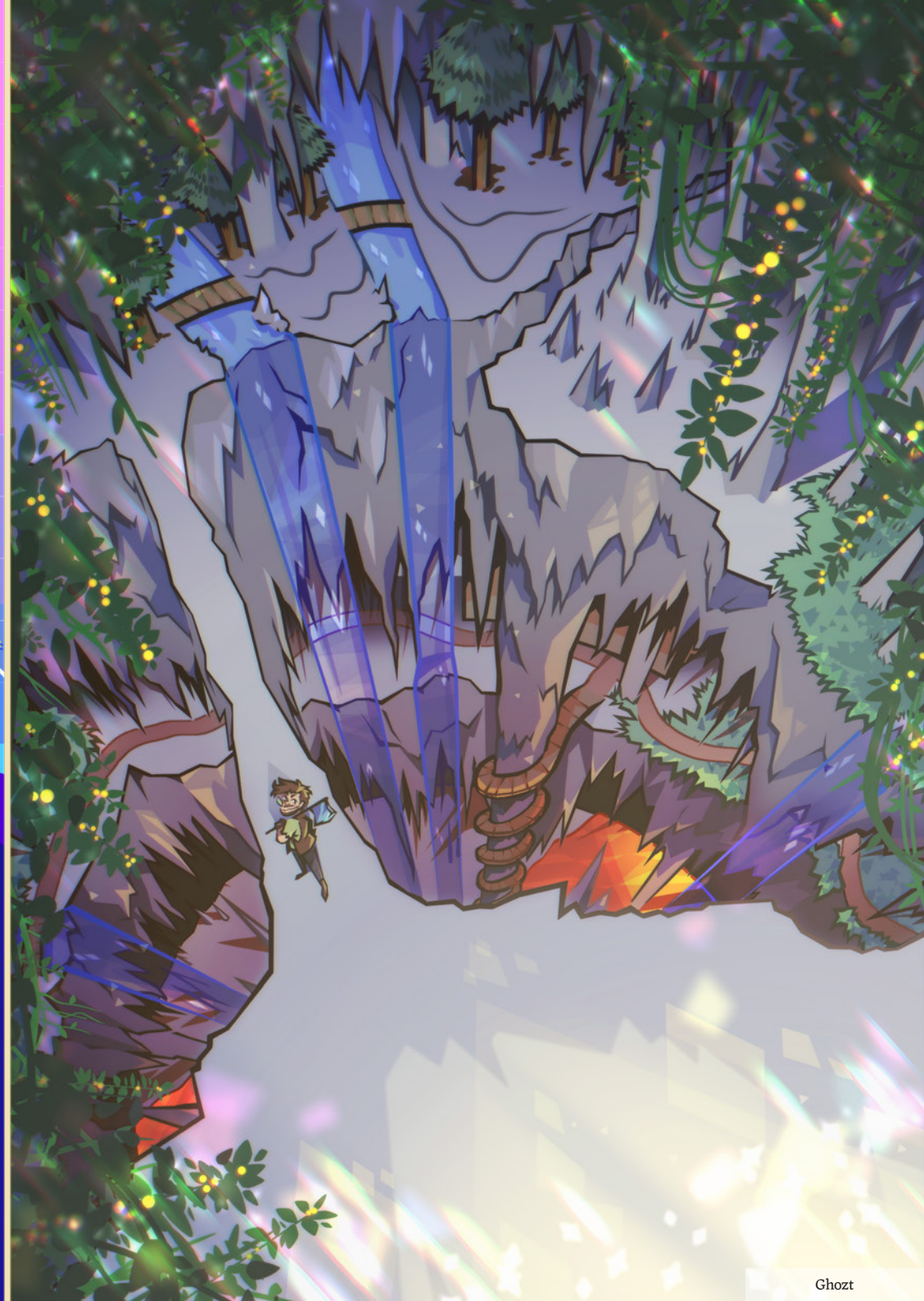


## THE CRYSTAL CAVES

In Zedaph's first-ever Hermitcraft season, as his base was a meandering cave system, with walls made of "crystal" (white glass).

This transparency allowed one to see from one room into the next, as well as prominently display redstone circuits.

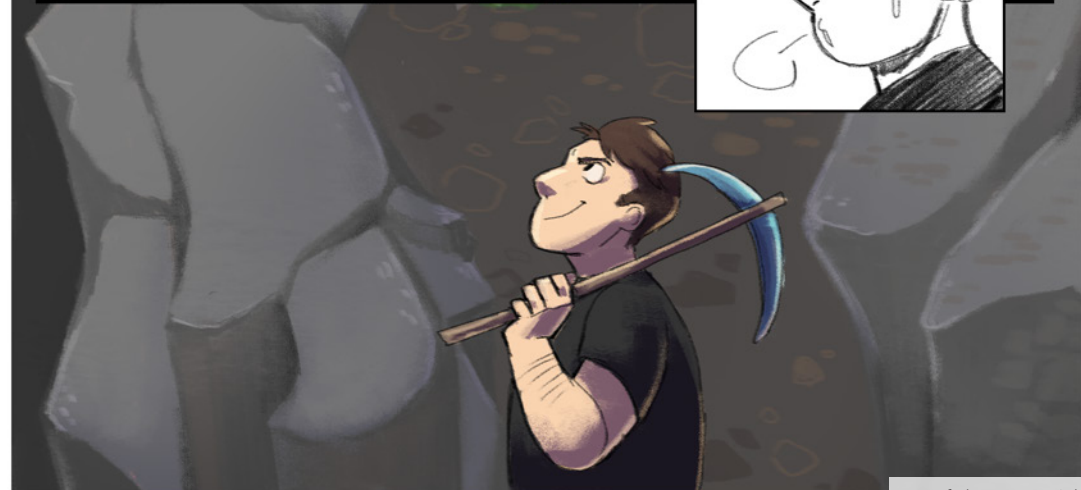
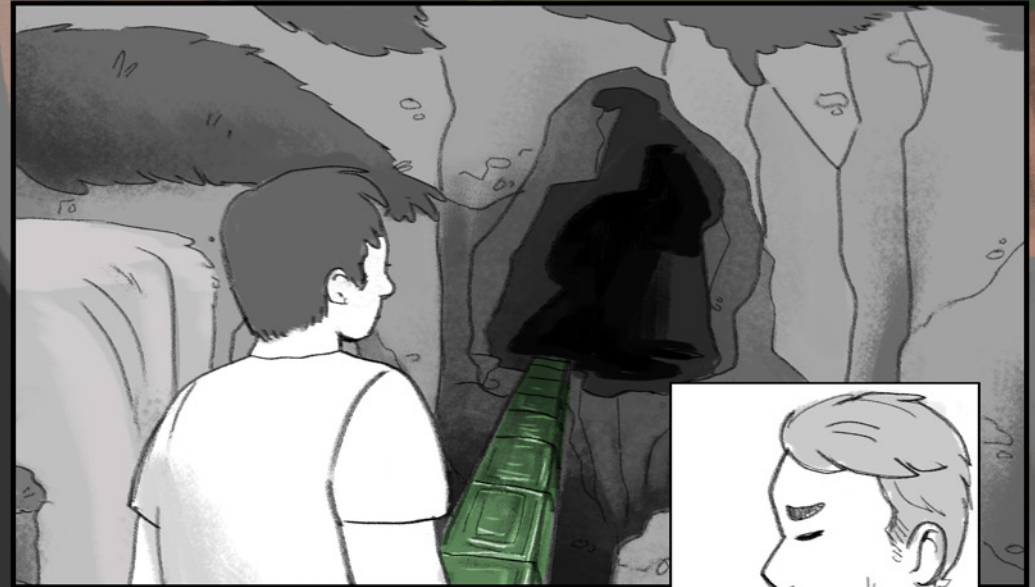
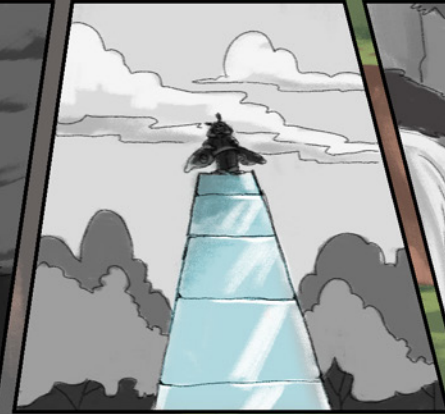
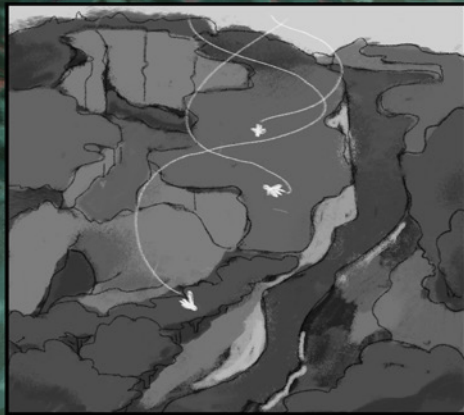
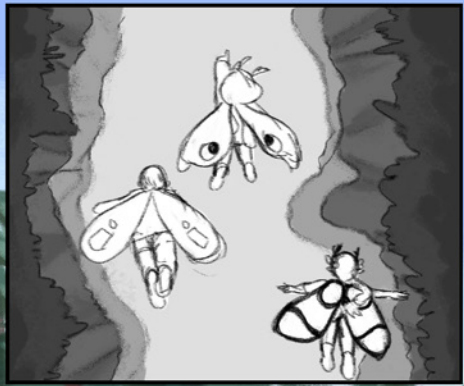
Near the Caves was the Lake of Life, around which lived farms, and Lake Honk, a "holiday paradise" for villagers and home to a secret underwater facility meant for villager exploitation.



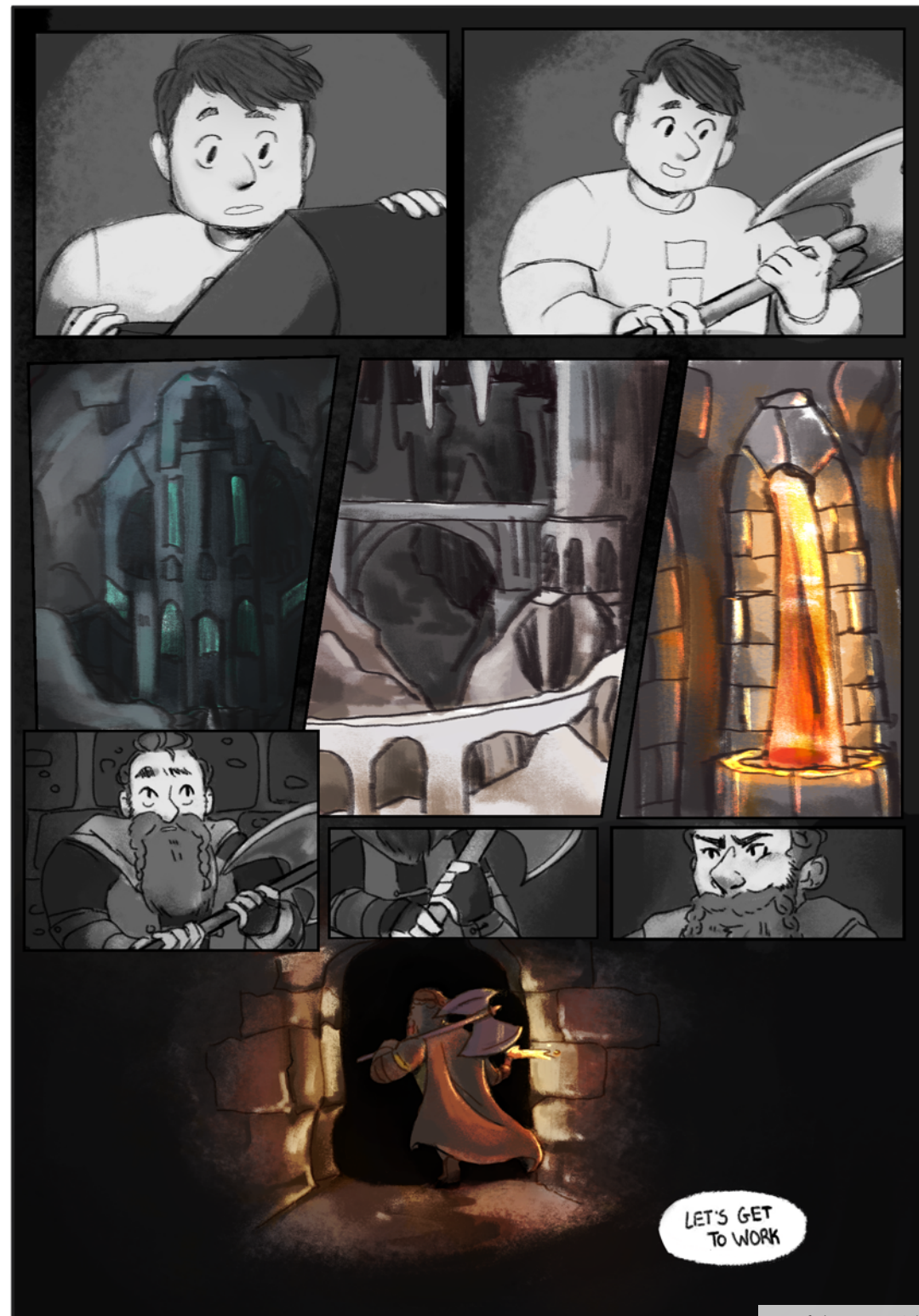
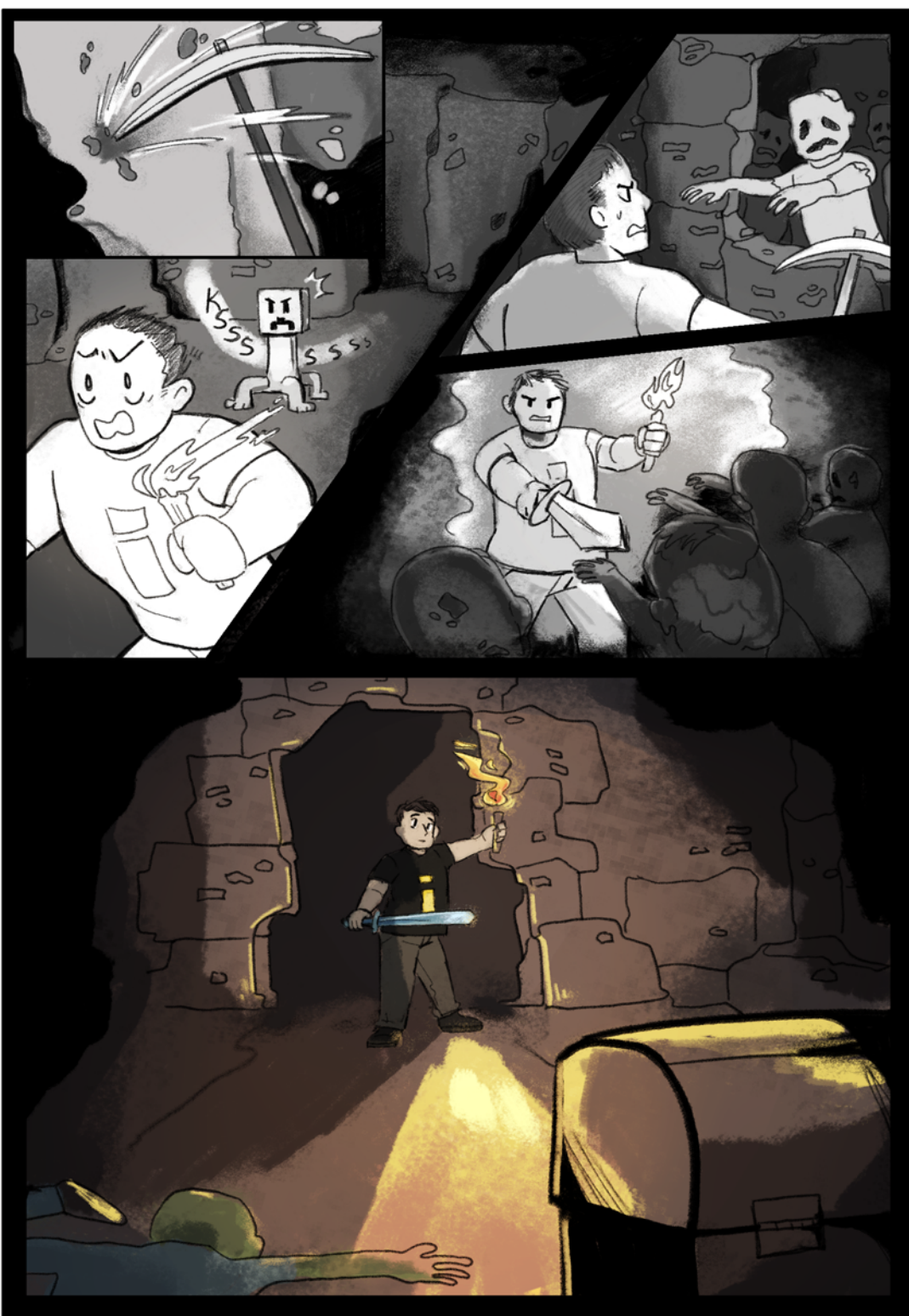
















Stressmonster101

Welcome to EnchanTea!

♡ Buy

♡ Sell

♡ Chat



















The birth of a new world is hot.

The server is nothing but fire, consumed from the inside out, curling, razing, destroying, everything once beautiful becoming molten death. Rivers of orange snake through old land, peeling away layer after layer like onion skins and leaving nothing but a blackened canvas in their wake.

First go the rivers. Cool blue turns to steam and then to nothing.

Unyielding and violent, they fight It the most when it's time to go. They burn away with a whimper.

Next, the grass. Every blade curling into dark ash, dust blown away in the howling winds. They do not scream for their loss. Only depart and become one with the storm.

The mountains are tough. They are tired. It takes Armageddon a while to grind at their thick presences, even as they willingly submit to the fire. They deserved to last millennia, but the jaws of apocalypse are hungry— They are hungry and gods have to take, rather than give, sometimes. The server wishes It was gentle enough to say sorry.

The builds are last. They're always last. When everything is molten rock and organic matter has disappeared or died, the builds linger like barnacles clinging to long-dead whalefalls, determined to say one last piece. They don't have a consciousness, not like the players do. But something about them... thrums. *Oscillates*. As if a pendulum were slowly swinging inside them, gathering a little trail of memories at its bulbous end.

The server is not sentimental. It does not gather these memories in unto Itself, does not press them close and caress them with a thousand thousand hands before sending them back to the builders with all the love a god can muster.

Sometimes, It wonders what It is. Stark code unfolding to create life is not a person, not a being, only an existence to serve a purpose. The word *haunted* comes to mind. What an ill-fitting word, haunted. So insignificant to the might the server commands— no, *oozes*— that it's almost laughable. What a pathetic summation of godhood. Yet, it's the only thing that could possibly describe this thing It seems to be, this pulsing, sordid pressure It has on everything that lives, breathes, dies. It is the reason life exists at all, but It is merely a fly on the wall to the happenings It brings about. A shadow, omnipresent, yet doomed to be not even a thing of whispers.

A ghost.

The lives are the same, though. They don't die like the land does, not in

a way that matters. Those little familiar souls crowd around the worlds they call home, building towers and castles and mansions they love like an extension of themselves, an extension of their very mortality. Their names are engraved upon Its code like scripture— permanence in the wake of change. Every once in a while, a fresh one pops up, springing with the grace of a young reed and raring to go. Old mixes with new and the server feels something like warmth when It adds another name to the list.

It tries not to mourn the old worlds. Especially the ones that settle deep— those that linger so long the players start to change with them; growing horns, wings, tails, eyes filling with chlorophyll or dimming from exposure. They lose it all when those worlds go. *Mourning is for the living. The server is not living, only detached. A god to walk upon and a presence to forget.*

The players. Some born with It, others new and still not quite tattered by living on the body of a god. *Geminitaly*, whisper the trees, speaking of newly-sprouted antlers, of eyes glittering with a season of death. The forests twist to her will and she offers space in her home for roots to grow. It is more than enough.

*Grian*, the skies rhapsodize, speaking of wings shimmering with a new world's colors but staying familiar all the same. The winds give cushioned falls and updrafts and second chances all in the name of someone who, once upon a time, earned his wings with an adventure.

*Pearlescentmoon*, says the rock, hesitant but excited. It snakes tunnels into the depths for her, opens up caverns with gaping maws and spills precious metals into her waiting hands with reckless abandon. The rock has not loved anything in a long, long time. Pearl, with her fresh code, strong bones and moonlit skin, could be enough for the stone to care about.

There are so many more, people with names and thoughts and bodies committed to coded memory. Infinite lives, recycled into something a little different every reset. They are Creation, holiness crawling on their flesh and clothes, something the server's starved godhood could never hold. Everything about the players screams with *life*— they dance, they laugh, they build, reveling in all the things they can do, unshackled and undeniably free.

They almost reached It, once. On the eighth world, running on too little time and choking back radiation, the players almost reached It. They took their machines, their pistons and shovels and gunpowder, and they broke through bedrock as though it were nothing more than stone. It tried reaching for them. The server couldn't help it, not after so long spent alone and invisible, but no matter how hard It tried, no matter how much It begged and pleaded with the cold, lonely universe, It could not touch



them. They sailed the void, wrapped in plans, ideas of molding a doomed world into a home, and they never found the server.

There are small comforts in Its loneliness, though. Xisumavoid, the first player. His shaky code is filled with spidered cracks, room enough for little moments to slip out and into the waiting Thing beyond the void. They are mere wisps of life, these moments. Barely feelings, yet they burrow deep into the server whenever they manage to slide through Xisuma's code. Bubbling streams trickling over bare feet that do not belong to It, the hot stench of the Nether clogging nostrils, cows lowing in a field bright with sunflowers. These senses do not belong to It— the server knows that, It can't do anything but know that— but it's nice to pretend, sometimes. To imagine an existence not tainted by divinity. *(Divinity, It thinks with a scoff, What a fool thing to be, in a universe sticky with life. What is godhood compared to running hands through dew-soaked grass, having flesh that tints red under a high summer sun, taking another's hand and falling into the dark with them? Everything, says the fool. The server knows better than that.)*

Beneath the bedrock, beyond the void, there lies a god. It is endless and stretching, star-skin pulled taut over bone that does not exist. It is the land, it is the sea, it is the sky. It is the updrafts that give second chances, It is the rock spilling riches, It is the forests digging roots into a home carved from wood. It will remain until there are no more players left, and then It will die.

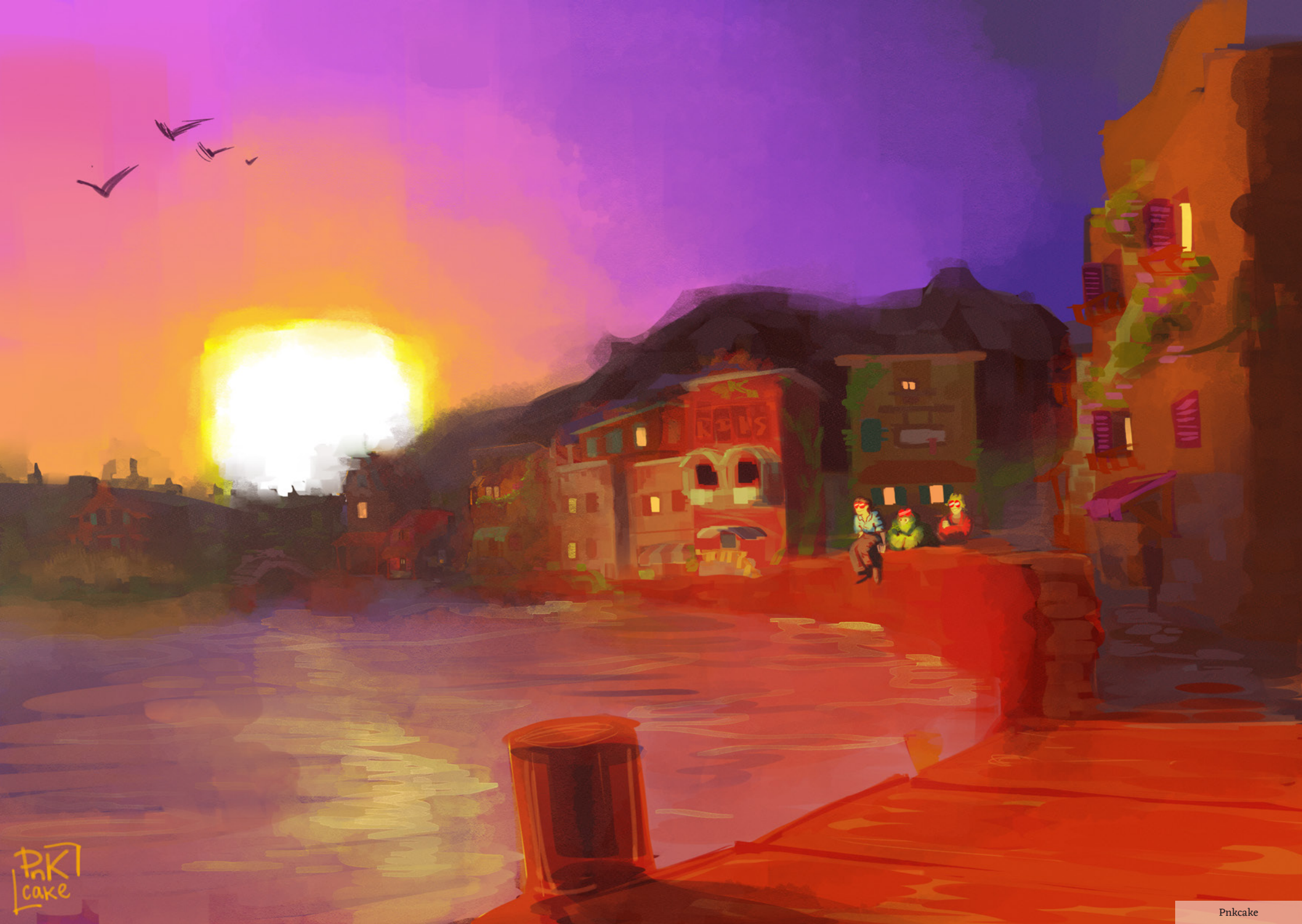
So It smiles with no lips and decides that godhood will have to be enough.

























Thank You for Reading!

We would like to thank each and every participant for the hard work and care they've put into this collection; for the ideas, personality and sheer skill they've poured into this zine. This zine is the culmination of all of their efforts, and we cannot thank them enough for the time they've spent with us.

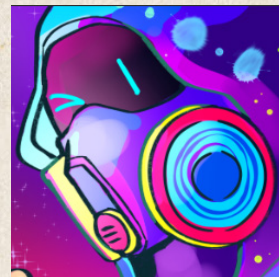
We'd like to express our condolences and deepest sympathies to the Hermits for the recent loss of one of their own. TFC was a true Hermit who positively impacted the lives of many, including us. This edition of the hermitzine is dedicated to him and everything he did for the community we're a part of today.

Thank you all for reading this zine. This project has been a work of love, of appreciation, and of remembrance, and we're grateful to be able to share it with you.

— The Hermitzine Mod Team

# HERMITZINE

## MEET THE MODS



### AMPH

Tech Support, Management

🐦 azaEnolate



### CLOUD

Critique, Twitter Promotion

🐦 coffee\_lynx

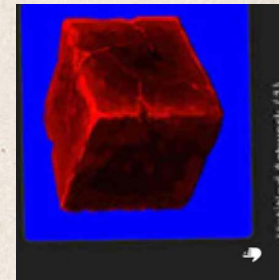
t coffee-lynx



### MARZO

Editing, Tumblr Promotion, Title Art

🐦 t Martuzzio



### UNNECESSARYREDSTONE

Critique, Cover and Endpapers Art

🐦 unnecessaryRed1

t unnecessaryredstone



# HERMITZINE

## MEET THE PARTICIPANTS



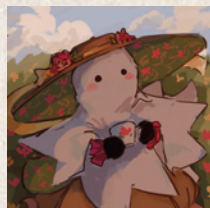
**BEARTIIC**

A-Choco  
 beartiic



**WATT**

helsknight  
 pikmlm



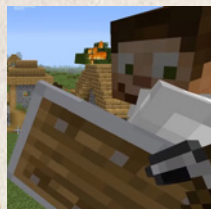
**GHOSTEA**

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 underscore-ghostea



**CRYROSAUR**

cryrosaur



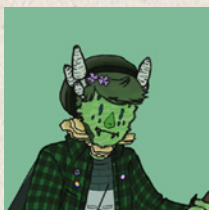
**BM**

bruhman745



**CYNO**

ccynosaur



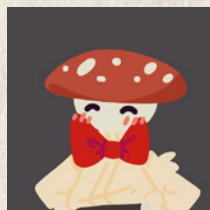
**OLILUHACKLE**

ostewell-mc  
 oliluhackle



**A-10**

bumblebee435art  
 bumblebee435



**JELLAI**

JJellai

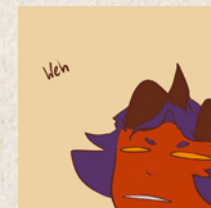
# HERMITZINE

## MEET THE PARTICIPANTS



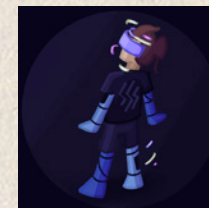
**DOMIK**

wigglyink



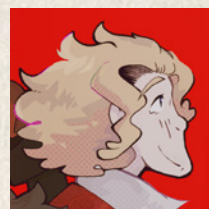
**CYD**

chaggle  
 chuggle\_



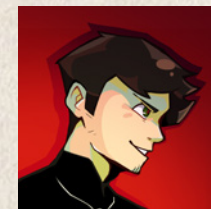
**SANASTRATUS**

sanastratus



**GHOZT**

LyGhozt  
 ghochtly\_procrastinator



**CHRISRIIN**

chrisriin  
 chrisrin



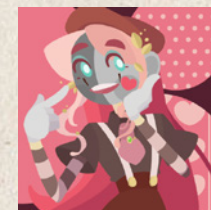
**NOAH (EVERYCAPTAIN)**

EveryCaptain  
 GreenhouseStreaming



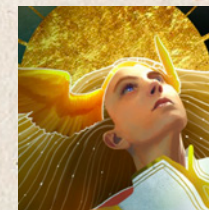
**WEASEL**

WeaselMcDiesel  
 Weasel\_McDiesel



**LAPLACECIRCUS**

damask-dreams  
 LaplaceCircus



**SABIRA LANGEVIN**

floweroflaurelin  
 sabiralangevin



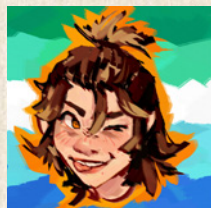
# HERMITZINE

## MEET THE PARTICIPANTS



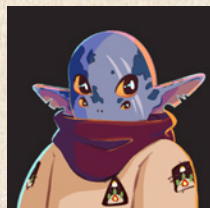
**CAL**

🐦 sugarcal\_\_  
t calwasfound



**CABBAGE**

🐦 t @ cabbagegunk



**FLORIN**

@ t plantichu



**ASHTREE**

🐦 @ ashtree\_dies  
t brick-rolled



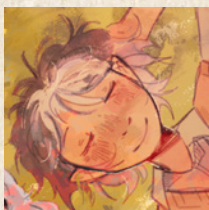
**CAT**

t the-multiverse-theory  
TheMultiverseTheory



**MOUNTAINHAG**

@ reneeinthewood  
Mountainhag2



**KII**

🐦 wykonii



**HOFFEN**

🐦 \_InkGhoul  
t ink-ghoul



**PNKCAKE**

t pnkcakee  
pnkcakee

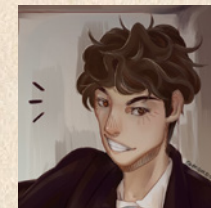
# HERMITZINE

## MEET THE PARTICIPANTS



**NOCTUDE**

t noctude  
noctude\_



**MORDORBOAT**

🐦 t mordorboat



**COCOABATS**

🐦 t @ cocoabats



**UNNECESSARYREDSTONE**

🐦 unnecessaryRed1  
t unnecessaryredstone



**CLOUD**

🐦 coffee\_lynx  
t coffee-lynx



**LAIN**

🐦 gh0stlain







